immediately saw it was unsellable; a Formica and chrome monstrosity....

Romeo couldn't imagine what she did with all the chairs. Maybe she fixed them up and flipped them to the things she sold curtains to....

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On the MBC....

Susquehannah Mooday, raving about her co-loony, Grace Tart....

They charged that proto-teamster, Hell's Angels Mama in lappets, Susquehanah Mooday, to tour the bin....

They should have committed her....

Bag lady....

25 cent woman....

A choir of mental weaklings praised P/Bigge's glittering intellect. They loved her shit, after they'd rolled in it a thousand times.

Entrapment and entrapping, that's what she was....

Johnny supposed so, after you read her crap, a thousand times....

A novel about loonies, really about fucking shrinks. P/Bigge always knew where it was at, which side had the fish-fat....

Stole it from Johnny! His whole shtick!

Entrapment opposed to freedom and responsibility, some other moron suggested. Favorite philosophical question: free will, the human genome project, my DNA made me beat the bitch's brains out with a double-bitter, etc., etc....

Then they read some alleged satire from Gracie's point of view. Compared the stud whose bitch she offed to a fly in a spider-web. How fucking original....

Grace Tart....

Total fucking bore....

How the shrink was overwhelmed by Gracie, the poor psycho-slob....

His realization, that the mind was deeper than he could ever fathom (yawn)....

His lofty intellectual pursuits, belied by tawdry affair with housekeeper (zzz)....

Dadanian shithead critics....

Dadlitshits....

Titz Shitz....

Specialists in polarity and ambiguity....

Trixie, and Butch....

Hard to tell where Gracie's unfulfillment ended, and P/Bigge's began....

Impossible to care....

When everything might have come clear and spoiled the ambiguity, P/Bigge staged another Rube Goldberg epiphany, followed immediately by a POWER BLACKOUT....

Favorite literary device of Dadlitshit....

Johnny kept hearing P/Bigge Shitte's flat, boring monotone....

Murmuring in the dark, We are virtually prisoners ourselves, even the reader is a prisoner, the imagination cannot SOAR....